

It's hot here
It's cool
there in the
Colorado
Rockies

Low fare excursions via Santa Fe daily beginning June 1.

If fond of camping out, hunting, fishing, climbing, want to make every minute count, and be comfortable while doing one or all of these things, you'd better go to Colorado.

Let me send you "A Colorado Summer" and "Old-New Santa Fe". They're free.

G. W. HAGENBUCH, General Agent,
 908 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

INTERROGATION

By Jack London

(Continued from last week)

"Yes, you promised, but as I neither asked nor answered, it was unratified. So I do not know of any such promise. But I do know of another, which you, too, may remember. It was very long ago." He dropped the ax handle to the floor and raised his head. "It was so very long ago, yet, I remember it distinctly, the day, the time, every detail. We were in a rose garden, you and I—your mother's rose garden. All things were budding, blossoming and the sap of spring was in our blood. And I drew you over—it was the first—and kissed you full on the lips. Don't you remember?"

"Don't go over it, Dave, don't! I know every shameful line of it. How often have I wept! If you only knew how I have suffered."

Destroys Dandruff

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the scalp clean and healthy, destroys all dandruff, and greatly promotes the growth of the hair. You will certainly be pleased with it as a dressing for your hair. It keeps the hair soft and smooth and promptly checks any falling of the hair. It does not color the hair, and cannot injure the hair or scalp. Consult your doctor about these hair problems. Ask him what he thinks of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"You promised me then—aye, and a thousand times in the sweet days that followed. Each look of your eyes, each touch of your hand, each syllable that fell from your lips, was a promise. And then—how shall I say?—there came a man. He was old—old enough to have begotten you—and not nice to look upon, but as the world goes, clean. He had no wrong, followed the letter of the law, was respectable. Further, and to the point, he possessed some paltry mines—a score; it does not matter; and he owned a few miles of lands, and engineered deals, and clipped coupons. He"—

"But there were other things," she interrupted. "I told you. Pressure—money matters—want—my people—trouble. You understand the whole sordid situation. I could not help it. It was not my will. I was sacrificed, or I sacrificed, have it as you wish. But, my God, Dave! I give you up! You never did me justice. Think what I have gone through!"

"It was not your will? Pressure? Under high heaven there was no thing to will you to this man's bed or that."

"But I cared for you all the time," she pleaded.

"I was unused to your way of measuring love. I am still unused. I do not understand."

"But now! now!"

"We were speaking of this man you saw fit to marry. What manner of man was he? Wherein did he charm your soul? What potent virtues were his? True, he had a golden grip—an almighty grip. He knew the odds. He was versed in cent per cent. He

had a narrow wit and excellent judgment of the viler parts, whereby he transferred this man's money to his pockets, and that man's money, and the next man's. And the law smiled. In that it did not condemn, our Christian ethics approved. By social measure he was not a bad man. But by your measure, Karen, by mine, by ours of the rose garden, what was he?"

"Remember, he is dead."

"The fact is not altered thereby. What was he? A great, gross material creature, deaf to song, blind to beauty, dead to spirit. He was fat with laziness, and flabby cheeked, and the round of his belly witnessed his gluttony."

"But he is dead. It is we who are now—now! now! Don't you hear? As you say, I have been inconstant. I have sinned. Good. But should not you, too, cry peccavi? If I have broken promises, have not you? Your love of the rose garden was of all time, or so you said. Where is it now?"

"It is here! now!" he cried, striking his breast passionately with clenched hand. "It has always been."

"And your love was a great love; there was none greater," she continued; "or so you said in the rose garden. Yet it is not fine enough, large enough to forgive me here, crying now at your feet?"

The man hesitated. His mouth opened; words shaped vainly on his lips. She had forced him to bear his heart and speak truths which he had hidden from himself. And she was good to look upon, standing there in a glory of passion, calling back old associates and warmer life. He turned away that he might not see, but she passed around and fronted him.

"Look at me, Dave! Look at me! I am the same, after all. And so are you, if you would but see. We are not changed."

Her hand rested on his shoulder, and his hand half passed, roughly, about her, when the sharp crackle of a match startled him to himself. Winapie, alien to the scene, was lighting the slow wick of the slush lamp. She appeared to start out against a background of utter black, and the flame, flaring up, lighted her bronze beauty to royal gold.

"You see it is impossible," he groaned, thrusting the fair-haired woman gently from him. "It is impossible," he repeated. "It is impossible."

"I am not a girl, Dave, with a girl's illusions," she said softly, though not daring to come back to him. "It is as a woman that I understand. Men are men. A common custom of the country. I am not shocked. I divined it from the first. But—ah!—it is only a marriage of the country—not a real marriage?"

"We do not ask such questions in Alaska, he interposed feebly.

"I know, but—"

Well, then, it is only a marriage of the country—nothing else."

"And there are no children?"

"No."

"Nor—"

"No, no; nothing—but it is impossible."

"But it is not." She was at his side again, her hand touching lightly, caressingly, the sunburned back of his. "I know the custom of the land too well. Men do it every day. They do not care to remain here, shut out from the world, for all their days; so they give an order on the P. C. C. Company for a year's provisions, some money in hand, and the girl is content. By the end of that time, a man"—She shrugged her shoulders. "And so with the girl here. We will give her an order upon the company, not for a year but for life. What was she when you found her? A raw, meat-eating savage, in summer, moose in winter, feasting in plenty, starving in famine. But for you that is what she would have remained. For your coming she was

happier; for your going, surely, she will be happier than if you had never been."

"No, no," he protested. "It is not right."

"Come, Dave, you must see. She is not your kind. There is no race affinity. She is an aborigine, sprung from the soil, yet close to the soil, yet impossible to lift from the soil. Born savage, savage she will die. But we—you and I—dominant, evolved race—the salt of the earth and the masters thereof! We are made for each other. The supreme call is of kind, and we are of kind. Reason and feeling dictate it. Your very instinct demands it. That you cannot deny. You cannot escape the generations behind you. Yours is an ancestry which has survived for a thousand centuries, and your line must now stop here. It cannot. Your ancestry will not permit it. Instinct is stronger than the will. The race is mightier than you, Come, Dave, let us go. We are young yet, and life is good. Come."

Winapie, passing out of the cabin to feed the dogs caught his attention and caused him to shake his head and weakly reiterate. But the woman's hand slipped about his neck, and her cheek pressed to his. His bleak life rose up and smote him—the vain struggle with pitiless forces; the dreary years of frost and famine; the harsh and jarring contact with elemental life; the aching void which mere animal existence could not fill. And there, seduction by his side, whispering of brighter, warmer lands, of music, light, and joy, called the old times back again. He visioned it unconsciously. Faces rushed in upon him, glimpses of forgotten scenes, memories of merry hours; strains of song and thrills of laughter—

TO BE CONTINUED

Ends Hunt For Rich Girl
 Often the hunt for a rich wife ends when a man meets a woman that uses Electric Bitters. Her strong nerves tell in a bright brain and even temper. Her peach bloom complexion and ruby lips result from her pure blood; her bright eyes from restful sleep and her elastic step from firm, free muscles, all telling of health and strength Electric Bitters give a woman, and the freedom from indigestion, headache, fainting and dizzy spells they promote. Every where they are woman's favorite remedy. If weak or ailing try them. 50c at All Dealers.

Birthday Dinner

(COMMUNICATED)

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Baldrige, living five miles south of Salisbury had a big dinner on her birthday June 9, 1912. She celebrated her 21 anniversary. The table was spread with every thing good and all had a bountiful feast and a joyous time. Many relatives and friends attended the dinner, her mother, father, sisters and brothers, namely Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Johnson 5 miles south of Keytesville, B. H. Baldrige and family four miles south east of Keytesville, Carl McCart and family 2 1/2 miles west of Salisbury, Misses Eady and Lillian Cox, one brother Robert Cox and one stepbrother Henry Johnson. Others present were Mr. Shirley Tapp and family and sister and brother Miss Oralie Tapp and Compel Tapp. This dinner will be remembered many years.

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From now to FIRST OF JULY we will sell WIRE FENCE at the following prices.

20 inches high, 12 inch stays.....	16c per rod
26 inches high, 12 inch stays.....	19c per rod
26 inches high, 6 inch stays.....	24c per rod
48-inch heavy poultry fence.....	44c per rod
60-inch heavy poultry fence.....	52c per rod
24-inch light poultry fence.....	24c per rod
36-inch light poultry fence.....	30c per rod
48-inch light poultry fence.....	36c per rod
60-inch light poultry fence.....	42c per rod
72-inch light poultry fence.....	48c per rod

ALL FOR CASH. OLD PRICES FOR GOODS ON TIME.

We also have a new line of Manure Forks, Hay Forks, Hay Knives, Ditching Spades, Digging Spades, Hoes, Rakes, etc, that we will offer you at reasonable prices.

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Our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Moulding, Cement, Etc., was never in better condition to select from. All we ask is that you come in and look at our stock and get our prices. We guarantee that when you do this, we will sell you the material for your house. Try us.

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BAPTIST

Rev. G. C. Omsbee.....Pastor
 Preaching every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN

Rev. J. E. Wolf.....Pastor
 Preaching every Sunday. Prayer meetings Wednesday evenings

COURTS

CIRCUIT COURT

Hon. F. W. Lamb.....Judge
 At Keytesville—1st Mondays in May and November.

At Salisbury—1st Mondays in February and September.

COUNTY COURT

A. S. Taylor, Keytesville, Presiding Judge; Barney Reiglsberger and M. J. Lain, Associates.

2nd Mondays in Feb'y., May, August and November. Board of Equalization 1st Monday in April. Board of Appeals 4th Monday in April.

PROBATE COURT

Hon. H. C. Minter.....Judge
 2nd Mondays in February, May, August and November.

CITY ADMINISTRATION

Hon. J. T. Dewey.....Mayor
 Edgar Tisdale.....Chief Police & Street Commissioner.

Wm. O. Bryan.....Collector
 R. D. Edwards.....Clerk
 J. D. Taylor.....Attorney
 Regular Meetings..... Pay Days

The Courier \$1 per year

A Permanent Cure For Chronic Constipation

Although those may dispute it who have not tried it, yet thousands of others, who speak from personal experience, assert that there is a permanent cure for chronic constipation. Some testify they were cured for as little as fifty cents, years ago, and that the trouble never came back on them, while others admit they took several bottles before a steady cure was brought about. The remedy referred to is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It has been on the market for over a quarter of a century and has been popularized on its merits, by one person telling another. The fact that its strongest supporters are women and elderly people—the ones most persistently constipated—makes it certain that the claims regarding it as a permanent cure for constipation have not been exaggerated. It is not violent like cathartic pills, salts or waters, but operates gently, without griping and without shock to the system. It contains tonic properties that strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles so that in time medicines of all kinds can be dispensed with and nature is again solely relied on. Among the legions who testify to these facts are Mrs. J. P. Hicks, 701 Parson St., St. Joseph, Mo., and Mrs. Wilson, Vandalia, Mo., and they always have a bottle of it in the house, for it is a reliable laxative for all the family from infancy to old age. Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. R. Caldwell, 415 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

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